

THE  
MALE-COQUETTE:

OR,

Seventeen Hundred Fifty-Seven.

In TWO ACTS.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

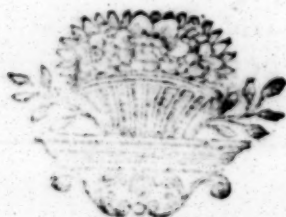
In DRURY-LANE.

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— *Jacentem lenis in Hossem.*

VIRG.

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**T**HE following Scenes were written with no other View than to serve Mr. *Woodward* last Year at his Benefit; and to expose a Set of People, (the *Daffodils*) whom the Author thinks more prejudicial to the Community, than the various Characters of *Bucks, Bloods, Flasbes* and *Fribbles*, which have by Turns infested the Town, and been justly ridicul'd upon the Stage. He expects no Mercy from the Critics: But the more indulgent Public, perhaps, will excuse his Endeavours to please them, when they shall know, that the Performance was plan'd, written, and acted in less than a Month.

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# PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN

By Mr. GARRICK.

**W**HY to this Farce this Title given,  
Of Seventeen Hundred Fifty Seven?  
Is it a Register of Fashions,  
Of Follies, Fraillies, fav'rite Passions?  
Or is't design'd to make appear,  
How happy, good, and wise you were,  
In this same memorable Year?  
Sure with our Author Wit was scarce,  
To croud so many Virtues in a Farce.  
Perhaps 'tis meant to make you stare,  
Like Cloths hung out at Country Fair;  
On which strange Monsters glare and grin,  
To draw the gaping Bumpkins in. — —  
Tho' 'tis the Genius of the Age,  
To catch the Eye with Title-Page;  
Yet here we dare not so abuse ye — —  
We have some Monsters to amuse ye.

Ye Slaves to Fashion, Dupes of Chance,  
Whom Fortune leads her fickle Dance:  
Who, as the Dice shall smile or frown,  
Are rich and poor, and up and down;  
Whose Minds eternal Vigils keep;  
Who — like Macbeth, have murder'd Sleep! —  
Each modish Vice this Night shall rise,  
Like Banquo's Ghost, before your Eyes;  
While, conscious you, shall start and roar — —  
Hence, horrid Farce! — we'll see no more! —  
— Ye Ladies, too — Maids, Widows, Wives —  
Now tremble for your naughty Lives!  
How will your Hearts go pit-a-pat? —  
Bless me! — Lord! — what's the Fellow at? —  
Was Poet e'er so rude before?  
Why sure the Brute will say no more —  
Again! — O Gad! — I cannot bear — —  
Here — you Boxkeeper, call my Chair:

# PROLOGUE.

Peace, Ladies—'tis a false Alarm—  
 To You our Author means no Harm.  
 His Female Failings all are Fictions:  
 To which your Lives are Contradictions.  
 Tb' unnatural Fool has drawn a Plan,  
 Where Women like a worthless Man,  
 A Fault ne'er heard of since the World began.  
 This Year he lets you steal away—  
 But if the next you trip or stray;  
 His Muse, he vows, on you shall wait,  
 In Seventeen Hundred Fifty-eight.

## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

<i>Daffodil</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Woodward.
<i>Tukely</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Palmer.
<i>Lord Racket</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Blakes.
<i>Sir William Whiffler</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Burton.
<i>Sir Tan-Titz</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Jefferson.
<i>Spinner</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Walker.
<i>Dizzy</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Yates.
<i>Ruffle</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Usher.
<i>First Waiter</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Ackman.
<i>Second Waiter</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Harry</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. Clough.

### W O M E N.

<i>Sophia</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss Macklin.
<i>Arabella</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss Minors.
<i>Mrs. Dotterel</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss Barton.
<i>Widow Damply</i>	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Cross.
<i>Lady Fanny Perwit</i>	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Bradshaw.





T H E

# MALE-COQUETTE.



A C T I.

*Enter Arabella, and Sophia in Men's Cloaths.*

*Arab.* **I** N D E E D, my Dear, you'll repent this Frolic.

*Soph.* Indeed, my Dear, then it will be the first Frolic I ever repented in all my Life. Lookee, *Bell*, 'tis in vain to oppose me, for I am resolv'd—the only Way to find out his Character, is to see him thus, and converse freely with him. If he is the Wretch he is reported to be, I shall away with him at once; and if he is not, he will thank me for the Trial, and our Union will be the stronger.

*Arab.* I never knew a Woman yet, who had Prudence enough to turn off a pretty Fellow, because he had a little more Wickedness than the rest of his Neighbours.

*Soph.* Then I will be the first to set a better Example.—If I did not think a Man's Character was of some Consequence, I should not now run such Risques, and encounter such Difficulties, to be better acquainted with it.

*Arab.* Ha, *Sophy*! if you have Love enough to be jealous, and Jealousy enough to try these Experiments—don't imagine, tho' you should make terrible Discoveries,

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that you can immediately quit your Inclinations, with your Breeches; and return so very philosophically to your Petticoats again, ha, ha!—

*Soph.* You may be as merry with my Weaknesses, as you please, Madam; but I know my own Heart, and can rely upon it.

*Arab.* We are great Bullies by Nature; but Courage and Swaggering, are two Things, Cousin.

*Soph.* Since you are as little to be convinc'd, as I am to be persuaded—your Servant— [Going.]

*Arab.* Nay, *Sophy*—This is unfriendly—if you are resolv'd upon your Scheme, open to me without Reserve, and I'll assist you.

*Soph.* *Imprimis*, then; I confess to you, that I have a kind of whimsical Attachment to *Daffodil*; not but I can see his Vanities, and laugh at 'em.

*Arab.* And like him the better for 'em —

*Soph.* Pshaw! don't plague me, *Bell*—my other Lover, the jealous Mr. *Tukely* —

*Arab.* Who loves you too well to be successful —

*Soph.* And whom I really esteem —

*Arab.* As a good Sort of Man, ha, ha, ha.

*Soph.* Nay, thou'd have lov'd him —

*Arab.* Had not a prettier Fellow stept in between, who perhaps does not care a Farthing for you —

*Soph.* That's the Question, my Dear—*Tukely*, I say, either stung by Jealousy, or unwilling to lose me, without a Struggle, has intreated me to know more of his Rival, before I engage too far with him—Many strange Things he has told me, which have piqu'd me I must confess, and I am now prepar'd for the Proof.

*Arab.* You'll certainly be discover'd, and put to Shame.

*Soph.* I have secur'd my Success already.

*Arab.* What do you mean?

*Soph.* I have seen him, convers'd with him, and am to meet him again to-day, by his own Appointment.

*Arab.* Madness!—it can't be.

*Soph.* But it has been, I tell you —

*Arab.* How? how?—Quickly, quickly, dear *Sophy*?

*Soph.* When you went to Lady Fanny's last Night, and left me, as you thought, little dispos'd for a Frolic, I dress'd me as you see, call'd a Chair, and went to the

*King's*

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*King's-Arms*—ask'd for my Gentleman, and was shewn into a Room—he immediately left his Company, and came to me.

*Arab.* I tremble for you.

*Soph.* I introduc'd myself as an *Italian* Nobleman, just arriv'd: *Il Marchese di Macaroni* —

*Arab.* Ridiculous!—ha, ha.

*Soph.* An Intimate of Sir *Charles Vainlove's*, who is now at *Rome*—I told him my Letters were with my Baggage, at the *Custom-house*—He receiv'd me with all the Openness imaginable, and wou'd have introduc'd me to his Friends; I begg'd to be excus'd, but promis'd to attend him to-day, and am now ready, as you see, to keep my Word.

*Arab.* Astonishing!—and what did you talk about?

*Soph.* Of various Things—Women among the rest; and tho' I have not absolutely any open Acts of Rebellion against him, yet, I fear he is a Traytor at Heart—and then such Vanity!—but I had not Time to make great Discoveries—It was merely the Prologue—The Play is to come.

*Arab.* Act your Part well, or we shall hiss you —

*Soph.* Never fear me; you don't know what a mad, raking, wild young Devil I can be, if I set my Mind to it, *Bell.* [Laying hold of her.

*Arab.* You fright me!—you shall positively be no Bedfellow of mine any longer.

*Soph.* I am resolv'd to ruin my Woman, and kill my Man, before I get into Petticoats again.

*Arab.* Take Care of a Quarrel tho'—a Rival may be too rough with you.

*Soph.* No, no, Fighting is not the Vice of these Times; and as for a little Swaggering—damn it, I can do it as well as the best of 'em.

*Arab.* Hush, hush! Mr. *Tukely* is here ———

*Soph.* Now for a Trial of Skill; if I deceive him, you'll allow that half my Business is done.

[She walks aside, takes out a Glass, and looks at the Pictures.

*Enter Tukely.*

*Tuk.* Your Servant Miss *Bell* — I need not ask if Miss *Sophy* be at home, for I believe I have seen her since you did.

*Arab.*

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*Arab.* Have you, Sir? You seem disconcerted, Mr. *Tukely*: has any Thing happen'd?

*Tuk.* A Trifle, Madam—but I was born to be trifled with, and to be made uneasy at Trifles.

*Arab.* Pray, what trifling Affair has disturb'd you thus?

*Soph.* What's the Matter now? [*Aside.*]

*Tuk.* I met Miss *Sophy* this Moment in a Hackney Chair, at the End of the Street: I knew her by the Pink Negligèe; but upon my crossing the Way to speak to her, she turn'd her Head away, laugh'd violently, and drew the Curtain in my Face.

*Soph.* So, so; well said Jealousy. [*Aside.*]

*Arab.* She was in Haste, I suppose, to get to her Engagement.

*Tuk.* Yes, yes, Madam; I imagine she had some Engagement upon her Hands—But sure, Madam, her great Desire to see her more agreeable Friends, need not be attended with Contempt and Disregard to the rest of her Acquaintance.

*Arab.* Indeed, Mr. *Tukely*, I have so many Caprices, and Follies of my own, that I can't possibly answer for my Cousin's too.

*Soph.* Well said, *Bell*.

*Tuk.* Answer, Miss!—No, Heav'n forbid you should—for my Part, I have given up all my Hopes as a Lover, and only, now, feel for her as a Friend—and indeed as a Friend, a sincere Friend—I can't but say, that going out in a Hackney Chair, without a Servant, and endeavouring to conceal herself, is somewhat incompatible with Miss *Sophy*'s Rank and Reputation—This I speak as a Friend—not as a Lover, Miss *Bell*—pray mind that.

*Arab.* I see it very plainly, Mr. *Tukely*—and it gives me great Pleasure, that you can be so indifferent in your Love, and yet so jealous in your Friendship.

*Tuk.* You do me Honour, Miss, by your good Opinion. [*Walks about, and sees Sophy.*]

Who's that, pray?

*Arab.* A Gentleman who is waiting for *Sophy*.

*Tuk.* I think she has Gentlemen waiting for her every where.

*Soph.* I am afraid, Sir, [*coming up to him with her Glass.*] you'll excuse me, that notwithstanding your Declaration,  
and



and this Lady's Compliments, there is a little of the Devil, call'd Jealousy, at the Bottom of all this Uneasiness.

*Tuk.* Sir! ———

*Soph.* I say, Sir, wear your Cloak as long as you please, the Hoof will peep out, take my Word for it.

*Tuk.* Upon my Word, Sir, you are pleas'd to honour me with a Familiarity which I neither expected, or indeed desired, upon so slight an Acquaintance.

*Soph.* I dare swear you did not.

[Turns off and hums a Tune.

*Tuk.* I don't understand this!

*Arab.* This is beyond Expectation ——— [Aside.

*Soph.* I presume, Sir, you never was out of England—

[Picking her Teeth.

*Tuk.* I presume, Sir, that you are mistaken——  
I never was so foolishly fond of my own Country, to think that nothing good was to be had out of it; nor so shamefully ungrateful to it, to prefer the Vices and Fopperies of every other Nation, to the peculiar Advantages of my own.

*Soph.* Ha, ha; well said, old England, i'faith—Now, Madam, if this Gentleman would put this Speech into a Farce, and properly lard it with Roast Beef, and Liberty, I would engage the Galleries wou'd roar and halloo at it for half an Hour together—Ha, ha, ha.

*Arab.* Now the Storm's coming. [Aside.

*Tuk.* If you are not engag'd, Sir, we'll adjourn to the next Tavern, and write this Farce between us.

*Soph.* I fancy, Sir, by the Information of your Face, that you are more inclin'd to Tragedy, than Comedy—

*Tuk.* I shall be inclin'd to treat you very ill, if you don't walk out with me.

*Soph.* I have been treated so very ill already, in the little Conversation I have had with you, that you must excuse my walking out for more of it; but if you'll persuade the Lady to leave the Room, I'll put you to Death---Damme——

[Going up to him.

*Arab.* For Heaven's sake! what's the Matter, Gentlemen?

*Tuk.* What can I do with this Fellow?

*Soph.* Madam, don't be alarm'd——this Affair will  
be



be very short—I am always expeditious; and will cut his Throat, without shocking you in the least:—Come, Sir, [*draws*] if you won't defend yourself, I must kick you about the Room. [*Advancing.*]

*Tuk.* Respect for this Lady, and this House, has curb'd my Resentment hitherto: But as your Insolence wou'd take Advantage of my Forbearance, I must correct it at all Events—— [*Draws.*]

*Soph.* and *Arab.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Tuk.* What is all this?

*Soph.* What, would you set your Courage to a poor, weak Woman? You are a bold *Briton*, indeed!—Ha, ha, ha.

*Tuk.* What, *Sophia*?——

*Ara. Sophia!* No, no; she is in a Hackney-Chair, you know, without a Servant, in her Pink Negligèe—Ha, ha, ha. ——

*Tuk.* I am astonish'd! and can scarce believe my own Eyes—What means this Metamorphosis?

*Soph.* 'Tis in Obedience to your Commands—Thus equipp'd, I have got Access to *Daffodil*, and shall know whether your Picture of him is drawn by your Regard for me, or Resentment to him — *I will sound him, from his lowest Note to the Top of his Compass.*

*Tuk.* Your Spirit transports me—This will be a busy, and, I hope, a happy Day for me. I have appointed no less than five Ladies to meet me at the Widow *Damply's*; to each of whom, as well as yourself, the accomplish'd Mr. *Daffodil* has presented his Heart; the Value of which I am resolv'd to convince 'em of this Night, for the sake of the whole Sex.

*Soph.* Pooh, pooh! that's the old Story—You are so prejudic'd.——

*Tuk.* I am afraid 'tis you who are prejudic'd, Madam; for if you will believe your own Eyes and Ears——

*Soph.* That I will, I assure you—I shall visit him immediately—He thinks me in the Country, and to confirm it, I'll write to him as from thence—But ask me no more Questions about what I have done, and what is to be done; for I have not a Moment to lose; and so, my good Friend *Tukely*, yours — My dear *Bell*, I kiss your Hand—[*kisses her Hand*] You are a fine Woman,

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man, by Heav'n's! Here, *Joseppi, Brunello, Francesi*, —  
where are my Fellows there? Call me a Chair—*Viva*  
*l'Amor, & Libertà*— [Exit singing.]

*Arab.* Ha, ha; there's a Spirit for you! — Well now,  
what do you stare at? — You cou'd not well desire more  
— O, fie, fie, — don't sigh, and bite your Fingers; rouze  
yourself, Man; set all your Wits to work; bring this  
faithless *Corydon* to Shame, and I'll be hang'd if the Prize  
is not yours — If she returns in Time, I'll bring her to the  
Widow *Damply's* —

*Tuk.* Dear Miss *Arabella* —

*Arab.* Well, well; make me a fine Speech another  
Time. About your Business now —

*Tuk.* I fly — [Exit *Tukely*.]

*Arab.* What a Couple of blind Fools has Love made  
of this poor Fellow, and my dear Cousin *Sophy*? Little  
do they imagine, with all their wise Discoveries, that  
*Daffodil* is as faithful a Lover, as he is an accomplish'd  
Gentleman—I pity these poor deceiv'd Women, with  
all my Heart—But how will they stare, when they find  
that he has artfully pretended a Regard for them, the  
better to conceal his real Passion for me — They will cer-  
tainly tear my Eyes out; and what will Cousin *Sophy* say  
to me, when we are oblig'd to declare our Passion?  
No Matter what — 'Tis the Fortune of War — And I  
shall only serve her, as she and every other Friend wou'd  
serve me in the same Situation —

*A little cheating never is a Sin,*

*At Love or Cards—provided that you win.*

[Exit *Arabella*.]

*Daffodil's Lodgings.*

*Enter Daffodil and Ruffle.*

*Daf.* But are you sure, *Ruffle*, that you deliver'd the  
Letter last Night, in the Manner I order'd you?

*Ruf.* Exactly, Sir.

*Daf.* And you are sure that Mr. *Dotterel* saw you slip  
the Note into his Wife's Hand?

*Ruf.* I have alarm'd him, and you may be assur'd,  
that he is as uneasy as you wou'd wish to have him—  
But I shou'd be glad, with your Honour's Leave, to have  
a little serious Conversation with you; for my Mind  
fore-

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forebodes much Peril to the Bones of your humble Servant, and very little Satisfaction to your Honour.

*Daf.* Thou art a most incomprehensible Blockhead—

*Ruf.* No great Scholar, or Wit, indeed—but I can feel an Oak Sappling, as well as another—Ay, and I shou'd have felt one last Night, if I had not had the Heels of all Mr. *Dotterel's* Family—I had the whole Pack after me—

*Daf.* And did not they catch you?

*Ruf.* No, thank Heaven—

*Daf.* You was not kick'd then?

*Ruf.* No, Sir.

*Daf.* Nor can'd?

*Ruf.* No, Sir.

*Daf.* Nor drag'd thro' a Horse-pond?

*Ruf.* O, Lord! No, Sir.

*Daf.* That's unlucky—

*Ruf.* Sir!

*Daf.* You must go again, *Ruffle*, to Night, perhaps you may be in better Luck.

*Ruf.* If I go again, Sir, may I be can'd, kick'd, and Horse-ponded for my Pains—I believe I have been lucky enough to bring an old House over your Head.

*Daf.* What d'ye mean?

*Ruf.* Mr. *Dotterel* only hobbled after me, to pay me for the Postage of your Letter; but being a little out of Wind, he soon stopt, to curse and swear at me—I could hear him mutter something of Scoundrel, and Pimp, and my Master, and Villain—and Blunderbuss, and Saw-pit; and then he shook his Stick, and look'd like the Devil!

*Daf.* Blunderbuss, and Saw-pit! This Business grows a little serious, and so we will drop it—The Husband is so old and peevish, and she so young and pressing, that I'll give it up, *Ruffle*—The Town talks of us, and I am satisfied.

*Ruf.* Pray Sir, with Submission, for what End do you write to so many Ladies, and make such a Rout about 'em; there are now upon the List half a Dozen Maids, a Leash of Wives, and the Widow *Damply*. I know your Honour don't intend Mischief; but

but what Pleasure can you have in deceiving them, and the World? for you are thought a terrible young Gentleman.

*Daf.* Why that Pleasure, Booby.

*Ruf.* I don't understand it—What do you intend to do with 'em all? Ruin 'em?

*Daf.* Not I, faith.

*Ruf.* But you'll ruin their Reputations.

*Daf.* That's their Business—Not mine.

*Ruf.* Will you marry any one of 'em?

*Daf.* O, no; that wou'd be finishing the Game at once—If I preferr'd one, the Rest wou'd take it ill; so because I won't be particular, I give 'em all Hopes, without going a Step further.

*Ruf.* Widows can't live upon such slender Diet.

*Daf.* A true Sportsman has no Pleasure but in the Chace; the Game is always given to those who have less Taste, and better Stomachs.

*Ruf.* I love to pick a Bit, I must confess—Really, Sir, I shou'd not care what became of half the Women you are pleas'd to be merry with——But Miss *Sophy*, sure, is a heavenly Creature, and deserves better Treatment; and to make Love to her Cousin too, in the same House——that is very cruel.

*Daf.* But it amuses one——besides they are both fine Creatures. And how do I know, if I lov'd only one, but the other might poison herself?

*Ruf.* And when they know that you have lov'd 'em both, they may poison one another—This Affair will make a great Noise.

*Daf.* Or I have taken a great Deal of Pains for nothing; but no more prating, Sirrah; while I read my Letters, go and ask *Harry* what Cards and Messages he has taken in this Morning.

*Ruf.* There is no mending him. [Exit RUFFLE.]

*Daf.* [Opens Letters] This is from the Widow *Damply*——I know her Scrawl at a Mile's Distance——she pretends that the Fright of her Husband's Death hurt her Nerves so, that her Hand has shook ever since—ha, ha, ha—It has hurt her Spelling too, for here is Joy with a G; ha! ha! poor Creature. [Reads] Hum—hum—hum—Well said, Widow; she speaks plain,



plain, faith, and grows urgent—I must get quit of her — she desires a tête à tête ; which, with Widows who have suffered much for the Loss of their Husbands, is, as Capt. Bobadil says, a Service of Danger. So, I am off—[Opens another] What the Devil have we here? A Bill in Chancery: Oh, no! my Taylor's Bill—Sum Total 374*l.* 11*s.* 5  $\frac{3}{4}$  *d.*—Indeed, Monsieur *Chicaneau*, this is a damn'd Bill, and you will be damn'd for making it—therefore, for the Good of your Soul, Monf. *Chicaneau*, you must make another. [tears it] The French know their Consequence, and use us accordingly. [Opens another.] This is from *Newmarket*.—[Reads]—

“ May it please your Honour,

“ I Wou'd not have you think of matching *Cherry-Derry* with *Gingerbread*; he is a terrible Horse, and very covetous of his Ground—I have chopt *Hurlothrumbo* for the *Roan Mare*, and fifty Pounds. Sir Roger has taken the Match off your Hands, which is a good Thing; for the Mare has the Distemper, and must have forfeited—I flung his Honour's Groom, tho' he was above an Hour in the Stable. The Nutmeg Grey, *Custard*, is match'd with *Alderman*. *Alderman* has a long Wind, and will be too hard for *Custard*. ———

“ I am, your Honour's

“ Most obedient Servant,

“ ROGER WHIP.”

—*Whip's* a Genius, and a good Servant. I have not as yet lost above a Thousand Pounds by my Horses—But such Luck can't always last.

Enter RUFFLE with Cards.

*Ruf.* There's the Morning's Cargo, Sir.

[Throws 'em down upon the Table.

*Daf.* Heigh Day! I can't read 'em in a Month; prithee, *Ruffle*, set down my Invitations from the Cards, according to their Date, and let me see 'em Tomorrow Morning---So much Reading wou'd distract me.

*Ruf.* And yet these are the only Books that Gentlemen read Now-a-Days. [Aside.

Enter a SERVANT.

*Serv.* And please your Honour, I forgot to tell you that



that there was a Gentleman here last Night – I've forgot his Name.

*Ruf.* Old Mr. *Dotterel*, perhaps.

*Serv.* Old ; no, no, he looks younger than his Honour—I believe he's mad, he can't stand still a Moment ; he first caper'd out of the Chair, and when I told him your Honour was not at Home, he caper'd into it again—said he would call again, jabber'd something, and away he went singing.

*Daf.* 'Tis the Marquis of *Macaroni*, I saw him at the King's Arms Yesterday: Admit him when he comes, Harry.

*Serv.* I shall, your Honour---I can neither write or remember these outlandish Names. *[Exit Servant.]*

*Daf.* Where is my List of Women, *Ruffle*, and the Places of their Abode, that we may strike off some, and add the new Acquisitions ?

*Ruf.* What, alter again ! I wrote it out fair but this Morning---There are quicker Successions in your Honour's List, than the Court-Calendar.

*Daf.* Strike off Mrs. *Dotterel*, and the Widow *Damply*.

*Ruf.* They are undone. *[Strikes 'em out.]*

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* A Lady, Mr. *Ruffle*, in a Chair, must speak with you.

*Daf.* Did she ask for me ?—See *Ruffle*, who it is.

*[Exit RUFFLE.]*

*Serv.* No, your Honour ; but she look'd quite *flustered*.

*Daf.* Well, go below, and be careful not to let any old Gentleman in this Morning—and d'ye hear, if any of the Neighbours should inquire who the Lady is, you may say it is a Relation ; and be sure smile, do you hear ? when you tell 'em so.

*Serv.* I shall, your Honour—He, he, he, I am never melancholy. *[Exit Servant.]*

*Daf.* That Fellow's a Character.

*Enter RUFFLE.*

*Ruf.* Sir, it is Mrs. *Dotterel* ; she has had a terrible Quarrel with her Husband about your Letter, and has something to say of Consequence to you both—she must see you, she says.

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*Daf.* I won't see her—Why wou'd you say that I was at Home—You know I hate to be alone with 'em, and she's so violent too—Well, well, shew her up—This is so unlucky—

*Ruf.* He hates to see Duns he never intends to pay.  
[Exit Ruffle.]

*Daf.* What shall I do with her? This is worse than meeting her Husband with a Blunderbuss in a Saw-pit.

*Enter Mrs. Dotterel, and Ruffle.*

*Daf.* Dear Mrs. *Dotterel*, this is so obliging—*Ruffle*, don't let a Soul come near me. [*Aloud*—And harkee, don't leave us long together, and let every Body up that comes.

[*Aside*.

*Ruf.* What a Deal of Trouble here is about nothing.  
[Exit Ruffle.]

*Mrs. Dot.* In the Name of Virtue, Mr. *Daffodil*, I hope you have not given any private Orders, that may in the least derogate from that absolute Confidence which I place in your Honour.

*Daf.* You may be perfectly easy under this Roof, Madam. I hope, I am polite enough not to let my Passions, of any Kind, run too great Lengths in my own House.

*Mrs. Dot.* Nothing but absolute Necessity cou'd have made me take this imprudent Step—I am ready to faint with my Apprehensions—Heigh ho!—

*Daf.* Heav'n forbid!—I'll call for some Assistance.  
[Going to ring.]

*Mrs. Dot.* Let your Bell alone [*Stopping him*] You'r always calling for Assistance, I think—you never give one Time to come to ones self—Mr. *Dotterel* has seen your Letter, and vows Vengeance and Destruction—Why wou'd you be so violent and imprudent?

*Daf.* The Devil was in me, Madam; but I repent it from my Soul; it has cur'd me of being violent.

*Mrs. Dot.* Come, come, don't take it too deeply neither; I thought it proper, at all Hazards, to let you know what had happen'd, and to intreat you, by that Affection you have sworn to me, to be careful of my Reputation.

*Daf.* That I will indeed, Madam; we can't be too careful.

*Mrs.*

Mrs. Dot. Well, Mr. *Daffodil*, I am an unhappy Woman—married to one I cannot love; and loving one I ought to shun—It is a terrible Situation, Mr. *Daffodil*.—

*Daf.* It is indeed, Madam,—I am in a terrible one too—Wou'd I was well out of it. [Aside.]

Mrs. Dot. Do you know, Mr. *Daffodil*, that if I had not been very religious, my Passions would have undone me—But you must give me Time, for nothing but that, and keeping the best Company, will ever conquer my Prejudices.—

*Daf.* I should be very ungenerous not to allow you Time, Madam—three Weeks or a Month, I hope, will do the Business—Tho', by my Honour, I got the better of Mine in half the Time—What is *Ruffie* doing?

[Aside.]

Mrs. Dot. He's very cold, methinks; but I'll try him further—Looke, Mr. *Daffodil*, you must curb your Passions, and keep your Distance—Fire is catching, and one does not know the Consequences when once it begins to spread.

*Daf.* As you say, Madam, Fire is catching; 'tis dangerous to play with it; and as I am of the Tinder-Kind,—as one may say—we had better,—as you say—Madam,—change the Subject—Pray did you ever hear of the Pug-dog that you advertis'd? It was a very pretty Creature—what was his Name, Madam?

Mrs. Dot. *Daffodil*, Sir! [Stifling her Passion.]

*Daf.* Madam!

Mrs. Dot. Could I love and esteem any Thing, and not call it *Daffodil*?—What a Wretch! [Aside.]

*Daf.* You do me Honour, Madam—I don't like her Looks, I must change the Discourse [Aside.] Upon my Soul, Mrs. *Dotterel*, this Struggle is too much for Man; My Passions are now tearing me to Pieces, and if you will stay, by Heav'n I will not answer for the Consequences.

Mrs. Dot. Consequences! What Consequences! Thou wretched, base, false, worthless Animal!

*Daf.* You do me Honour. [Bowing.]

Mrs. Dot. Canst thou think that I am so blinded by my Passion, not to see thy treacherous, mean, unmanly Evasions?—I have long suspected your Infamy, and  
B 3 having

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having this Proof of it, I cou'd stab your treacherous Heart, and my own weak one—Don't offer to stir, or ring your Bell, for, by Heav'n's, I'll ———

[Catches bold of him.

*Daf.* I stir! I am never so happy, as when I am in your Company.

*Mrs. Dot.* Thou liest: Thou art never so happy as when art deceiving, and betraying our foolish Sex—and all for what? Why, for the poor Reputation of having that, which thou hast neither Power nor Spirit to enjoy.

*Daf.* Ha! I hear Somebody coming—Now for a Rapture [*Aside.*] Talk not of Power or Spirit—Heav'n, that has made you fair, has made me strong—O! forgive the Madness which your Beauty has occasion'd.

[Throws himself upon his Knees.

Enter Servant.

*Serv.* The Marquis of Macaroons — [Exit *Serv.*

Enter Sophia.

*Mrs. Dot.* Ha! [*Screams.*] I am betray'd! ———

[They all stare, and Daffodil seemingly astonished.

*Soph.* *Mrs. Dotterel*, by all that's virtuous—[*Aside*] Signor *Daffodillo*—*resto Confuso*, tat I am com *si mal-a proposito*.

*Daf.* Dear Marquis, no Excuse I beg—nothing at all—a Relation of mine—my Sister only—Miss *Daffodil*, this is, *il Mercese de Macaroni*, an Intimate of Sir *Charles Vainlove's*—This was lucky [*Aside*]—Well, then, my dear Sister, I will wait upon you To-morrow, and settle the whole Affair. [*Aloud*] I am the most miserable of Mortals, and have lost the most precious Moments of my Life. [*Aside to Mrs. Dott.*

*Mrs. Dot.* You are a Villain—I despise you, and detest you—and will never see you more.

[Exit *Mrs. Dott.*

*Daf.* Ha, ha, ha!—My Sister has a noble Spirit, my Lord.

*Soph.* *Mi dispiace infinitamente*—it tisplis me, tat I haf interrumpato, *gli Affari* of you Famili.

*Daf.* It is the old Family-business, my Lord; and so old, that, by my honour, I am quite tir'd of it.

*Soph.* I hate him already. [*Aside.*]—Signor *Daffodillo*, she is una *bellissima Sorella in Verità*, a very prit' Sifs' intit.

*Daf.*



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*Daf.* I must confess to you, my Lord, that my Sister is a young distress'd Damsel, married to an old Gentleman of the Neighbourhood, Ha, ha, ha.

*Soph.* *O Cara Inghilterra!* vat a fortunata Contreé is tis! te olt Men marri de yong fine Girl, and te yong fine Girl visite te yong Signors—*O, preciosa Libertà!*—

*Daf.* Indeed, my Lord, Men of Fashion here have some small Privileges; we gather our Roses without fear of Thorns—Husbands and Brothers don't deal in Poison and Stilletos, as they do with you.

*Soph.* *Il nostro amico*, Signor Carlo, has tol me a tousant *Volti*, dat you vas de *Orlando Innamorato* himself.

*Daf.* But not *Furioso*, I can assure you, my Lord, Ha, ha, ha! I am for Variety, and Badinage, without Affection—Reputation is the great Ornament, and Ease the great Happiness of Life—To ruin Women wou'd be troublesome; to trifle and make Love to 'em amuses one—I use my Women as daintily as my Tokay; I merely sip of both, but more than half a Glafs palls me.

*Soph.* *Il mio proprio Gusto*—*Tukely* is right; he's a Villain. [*Aside*]—Signor *Daffodillo*; Vil you do me de Favour to give me Stranger, una *Introduzione* to some of your *Signorine*, let *vostro amico* taste a littel, un *Poco* of your dulce Tokay.

*Daf.* *O Certamente!*—I have half a hundred *Signorines* at your Service.

*Soph.* *Multo obligato*, Signor *Daffodillo*.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here is a Letter for your Honour. [*Surlily.*]

*Daf.* What is the Matter with the Fellow?

*Serv.* Matter, your Honour!—the Lady that went out just now, gave me such a Soufe on the Ear, as I made my Bow to her, that I cou'd scarce tell, for a Minute, whether I had a Head or no.

*Daf.* Ha! ha!—Poor Fellow!—there's Smart Money for you. [*Gives him Money.*]—[*Exit Servant.*]—Will your Lordship give me Leave?—

*Soph.* *Senza Ceremonie*—now for it. [*Aside.*]

Daffodil



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*Daffodil reads.*

" Sir,

" I Shall return from the Country next Week, and  
" I shall hope to meet you at Lady Fanny Pewit's Assembly next Wednesday.

" *I am very much your humble Servant,*

" *Sophia Sprightly.*"

—— My Lord Marquis, here is a Letter has started Game for you already—the most lucky Thought imaginable.

*Soph. Cosa è questa—Cosa, è—vat is?*

*Daf.* There are two fine Girls you must know, Cousins, who live together; this is a Letter from one of 'em, *Sophia* is her Name—I have address'd 'em both, but as Matters become a little serious on their Side, I must raise a Jealousy between the Friends; discover to one the Treachery of the other; and so in the Bustle steal off as quietly as I can.

*Soph. O Spiritofo Amico—I can scarce contain myself.*

*[Aside.*

*Daf.* Before the Mine is sprung, I will introduce you into the Town.

*Soph.* You are great *Generalissimo in verità mà.* I feel in miò Core vat de poor *infelice* *Sophia* vil feel for de Loss of Signor *Daffadillo*.

*Daf.* Yes, poor Creature; I believe she'll have a Pang or two——tender indeed! and I believe will be unhappy for some Time.

*Soph.* What a Monster!

*[Aside.*

*Daf.* You must dine with our Club to-day, where I will introduce you to more of Sir Charles's Friends, all Men of Figure and Fashion.

*Soph.* I must primo haf my Lettere, dat your *Amici* may be *assicurati* dat I am no *Impostore*.

*Daf.* In the Name of Politeness, my Lord Marquis, don't mention your Letters again; none but a Justice of Peace, or a Constable, would ever ask for a Certificate of a Man's Birth, Parentage, and Education, Ha, ha, ha!

*Soph.* Viva, viva il Signor *Daffadillo*! You shall be il mio Conduttore in tutte le Partite of Love and Pleasure.

*Daf.* With all my Heart—You must give me Leave now,

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now, my Lord, to put on my Cloaths—In the mean Time, if your Lordship will step into my Study there, if you chuse Music, there is a Guittar, and some *Venetian* Ballads; or, if you like reading, there's Infidelity, and bawdy Novels for you—Call *Ruffie* there.

[*Exit* *Daf.*]

*Soph.* [*Looking after him*] I am shock'd at him—He is really more abandon'd than *Tukely's* Jealousy describ'd him—I have got my Proofs, and will not venture any further; I am vex'd that I shou'd be angry at him, when I shou'd only despise him—But I am *so* angry, that I cou'd almost wish myself a Man, that my Breeches might demand Satisfaction for the Injury he has done my Petticoats.

[*Exit.*]



A C T II.

SCENE, *Mrs. Damply's Lodgings.*

*Enter Arabella and Sophia.*

*Soph.* **I**N short, his own Declarations, the unexpected Meeting of *Mrs. Dotterel*, his Usage of my Letter, and twenty Things beside, determin'd me not to go among the Set of 'em—So making the best Excuse I cou'd, I got quit of him and his Companions.

*Arab.* All this may be true, *Sophy*—Every young Fellow has his Vanities; Fashion has made such Irregularities Accomplishments, and the Man may be worth having, for all your Discoveries.

*Soph.* What! an abandon'd, rash, profligate Male-Coquette; a Wretch, who can assume Passions he never feels, and sport with our Sex's Frailties—Fie, fie, *Bell.*

*Arab.* Well, well, you are too angry to be merciful—If he is such a Monster, I am glad you are out of his Clutches, and that you can so easily resign him to another.

*Soph.* To another! there is not that Woman, be she ever so handsome, that I hate enough, to wish her so much

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much Evil; and happy it is for you, *Bell*, that you have a Heart to resist his Allurements.

*Arab.* Yes, I thank my Stars—I am not so susceptible of Impressions of that Kind—and yet—I won't swear—if an agreeable Man—I—I—

*Soph.* No, no, *Bell*, you are not absolute Stone—you may be mollified—She is confounded— [Aside.]

*Arab.* Surely he has not betray'd me—'Tis impossible, I cannot be deceiv'd. [Aside.]

*Soph.* Well, shall we go in to the Ladies and Mr. *Tukely*? Were they not surpriz'd when he open'd the Business to 'em.

*Arab.* 'Twas the finest Scene imaginable—You cou'd see, tho' they all endeavour'd to hide their Liking to *Daffodil*, all were uneasy at *Tukely*'s Discovery. At first, they objected to his Scheme; but they began to listen to his Proposal the Moment I was call'd out to you; what farther he intends, is a Secret to us all; but here he comes, and without the Ladies.

*Enter Tukely.*

*Tuk.* Pray, Miss *Bell*—Bless me! Miss *Sophy* return'd! I dare not ask—and yet if my Eyes do not flatter my Heart—your Looks——

*Soph.* Don't rely too much upon Looks, Mr. *Tukely*.

*Tuk.* Madam—why sure——

*Soph.* Don't imagine, I say, that you can always see the Mind in the Face.

*Tuk.* I can see, Madam, that your Mind is not dispos'd to wish, or make me happy.

*Soph.* Did not I bid you not to rely upon Looks; for do you know now that my Mind is at this Time most absolutely dispos'd—to do every thing that you wou'd have me. [Curtisys.]

*Tuk.* Then I have nothing more to wish or ask of Fortune. [Kneels, and kisses her Hand.]

*Arab.* Come, come, this is no Time to attend to one, when you have so many Ladies to take Care of.

*Tuk.* I will not yet enquire into your Adventures, 'till I have accomplish'd my own. The Ladies within have at last agreed, to attend me this Evening; where, if you have a Mind to finish the Picture you have begun this Morning, an Opportunity may offer.

*Soph.*

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*Soph.* I am contented with my Sketch—However, I'll make one ; and if you have an Occasion for a Second in any thing—I am your Man—command me.

*Tuk.* A Match—from this Moment I take you as my Second ; nay, my First in every Circumstance of our future Lives.

*Arab.* Mighty pretty, truly !—and so I am to stand cooling my Heels here, while you are making yourselves ridiculous.

*Soph.* *Bell's* in the Right---to Business, to Business---Mr. *Tukely*, you must introduce me to the Ladies ; I can at least make as good a Figure as Mr. *Daffodil* among 'em. [Exit *Sophia* and *Tukely*.

*Arab.* When *Daffodil's* real Inclinations are known, how those poor Wretches will be disappointed.

[Exit *Arabella*.

SCENE, *The Club-Room.*

*Lord Racket*, *Sir Tan-Tivy*, *Sir William Whister*, *Spinner* writing, and *Daffodil*. [Waiter behind.

*Daf.* What do you say, my Lord, that I don't do it in an Hour ?

*Lord Rac.* Not in an Hour and Half, *George*.

*Daf.* Done with you, my Lord—I'll take your Seven to Five---Seventy Pound to Fifty.

*Lord Rac.* Done---I'll lay the Odds again, with you, *Sir William*---and with you, *Sir Tivy*.

*Sir Wil.* Not I, faith ;---*Daffodil* has too many fine Women---he'll never do it.

*Daf.* I'll go into the Country for a Week, and not a Petticoat shall come near me --- I'll take the Odds again.

*Sir Tan.* Done, *Daffodil*.

*Lord Rac.* You are to hop upon one Leg, without changing, mind that---Set it down, *Spinner*.

*Spin.* I have---Shall I read it ?

*Lord Rac.* Silence in the Court.

*Spin.* [Reads.] “ *Lord Racket* has betted 70 Pounds “ to 50, with the Honourable *George Daffodil*---that “ the



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" the Latter does not walk from *Buckingham-Gate*, to  
 " the *Bun-house*, at *Chelsea*—eat a Bun there, run back  
 " to the Turnpike, and from thence hop upon one  
 " Leg, with the other tied to the Cue of his Wig, to  
 " *Buckingham-Gate* again, in an Hour and Half.

*Daf.* I say, done—

*Lord Rac.* And done.

*Sir Wil.* Consider your Women—you'll never do it,  
*George.*

*Daf.* Not do it! [*bops*] Why, I'll get a *Chelsea* Pen-  
 sioner shall do it in an Hour, with his wooden Leg—  
 What Day shall we fix for it?

*Sir Wil.* The first of *April*, to be sure.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha. ———

*Lord Rac.* Come, *Daffodil*, read the Betts and Matches  
 of To-day—then let us finish our *Champaigne*, and go  
 to the Opera.

*Daf.* [*Reads.*] " *March* 24, 1757, *Sir Tan-Tivy*, has  
 " pitted *Lady Pettitoe*, against Dowager *Lady Periwinkle*,  
 " with *Sir William Whister*, for 500 *l.*—I'll pit my Uncle.  
 " *Lord Chalkstone*, against 'em both."

*Sir Tan.* Done.

*Lord Rac.* The Odds are against you, *Daffodil*—  
 my Lord has got to plain *Nantz* now every Morning.

*Daf.* And the Ladies have been at it to my Know-  
 ledge, this half Year.

*Lord Rac.* Good, again, *George.*

*Sir Wil.* " The Honourable *George Daffodil*, has bet-  
 " ted one hundred Pound, with *Sir William Whister*,  
 " that he produces a Gentleman, before the 5th of  
 " *June* next, that shall live for five Days successively,  
 " without Eating, Drinking, or Sleeping," ———

*Sir Wil.* He must have no Books, *George.*

*Daf.* No, no; the Gentleman I mean can't read.

*Sir Wil.* 'Tis not yourself, *George!*

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha; 'tis impossible, it must kill him.

*Daf.* Why, then I lose my Bet.

*Reads.]* " *Lord Racket* has match'd *Sir Joslin Jolly* a-  
 " gainst *Major Calipash*, with *Sir Tan-Tivy*, to run fifty  
 " Yards upon the *Mall* after Dinner, if either tumbles,  
 " the Wager is lost---for Fifty Pounds.

*Spin.*



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*Spin.* I'll lay Fifty more, neither of 'em run the Ground in Half an Hour.

*Daf.* Not in an Hour.

*Sir Tan.* Done, *Daffodil*---I'll bet you a Hundred of that.

*Daf.* Done, Baronet; I'll double it, if you will.

*Sir Tan.* With all my Heart---Book it, *Spinner*.

[*Spinner writes.*]

*Lord Rac.* You'll certainly lose, *George*.

*Daf.* Impossible, my Lord; *Sir Jesslin* is damnably out of Wind.

*Lord Rac.* What, Asthmatic?

*Daf.* No, quite cur'd of his Asthma---he dy'd Yesterday Morning---Bite.

*All.* Bravo, *George*.

*Lord Rac.* Now you talk of dying---how does your Cousin *Dizzy*?

*Daf.* Lingers on---better and worse---Lives upon Asses Milk, Panada, and Eringo Root.

*Lord Rac.* You'll have a fine Wind-fall there, *George*---a good Two Thousand a Year.

*Daf.* 'Tis better, my Lord; but I love *Dick* so well, and have had so many Obligations to him---he sav'd my Life once---that I cou'd wish him better Health.

*Sir Wil.* Or in a better Place---there's devilish fine Timber in *Staunton Woods*.

*Sir Tan.* Down with 'em, *Daffodil*.

*Lord Rac.* But let *Dizzy* drop first---a little Blast will fell him.

*Enter Dizzy.*

*Diz.* Not so little as you may imagine, my Lord---hugh, hugh --- [Coughs.]

*All.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Daf.* Angels and Ministers! what Cousin! We were got among your Trees.

*Diz.* You are heartily welcome to any one of 'em, Gentlemen, for a proper Purpose---hugh, hugh.

*Lord Rac.* Well said, *Dick*. How quick his Wit, and how youthful the Rogue looks!

*Daf.* Bloomy and plump---the Country Air is a fine Thing, my Lord ---

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*Diz.* Well, well, be as jocular as you please ; I am not so ill, as you may wish, or imagine ;----I can walk to *Knightsbridge* in an Hour, for a Hundred Pound.

*Lord Rac.* I bet you a Hundred of that, *Dizzy*.

*Daf.* I'll lay you a Hundred, *Dick*, that I drive a Sow and Pigs to your Lodgings, before you can get there.

*Diz.* Done, I say ; [*Draws his Purse.*] Done---Two Hundred---done---Three.

*Lord Rac.* I'll take *Dizzy*, against your Sow and Pigs.

*Sir Will.* I take the Field against *Dizzy*.

*Lord Rac.* Done.

*Spin.* Done.

*Diz.* Damn your Sow and Pigs ; I am so sick with the Thoughts of running with 'em, that I shall certainly faint---[*Smells to a Bottle.*]---hugh, hugh

*Daf.* Cousin *Dizzy* can't bear the Mention of Pork---he hates it---I knew it would work. [*Aside to the rest.*]

*Diz.* I wish you had not mention'd it---I can't stay---Damn your Sow and Pigs---Here, Waiter, call a Chair---Damn your Sow and Pigs!---hugh, hugh. [*Exit Diz.*]

*Daf.* Poor *Dizzy*---What a Passion he is in!---Ha, ha, ha.

*Lord Rac.* The Woods are yours, *George* ; you may whet the Axe---*Dizzy* won't live a Month.

*Daf.* Pooh, this is nothing---he was always weakly---

*Sir Wil.* 'Tis a Family Misfortune, *Daffodil*.

*Enter Waiter.*

*Wait.* Mr. *Dizzy*, Gentlemen, dropp'd down at the Stair Foot, and the Cook has carried him behind the Bar.

*Daf.* Lay him upon a Bed, and he'll come to himself.

[*Exit Waiter.*]

*Lord Rac.* I'll bet Fifty Pound, that he don't live till Morning.

*Sir Wil.* I'll lay Six to Four, he don't live a Week.

*Daf.* I'll take your Fifty Pound.

*Spin.* I'll take your Lordship again.

*Lord Rac.* Done, with you both.

*Sir Tan.* I'll take it again.

*Lord Rac.* Done, done, done ;---but I bar all Assistance to him---Not a Physician, or Surgeon sent for---or I am off.

*Daf.*

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*Daf.* No, no; we are upon Honour---There shall be none, else it wou'd be a bubble Bet.—There shall be none.

*Sir Wil.* If I were my Lord, now, the Physicians should attend him.

*Enter Waiter, with a Letter.*

*Wait.* A Letter for his Honour — [*Gives it to Daf.*

[*Daffodil reads it to himself.*

*Sir Wil. Daffodil,* remember the First of *April*—and let the Women alone.

*Daf.* Upon my Soul you have hit it -- 'tis a Woman, faith -- Something very particular, and if you are in Spirits for a Scheme—

*Lord Rac.* Ay, ay; come, come; a Scheme, a Scheme!

*Daf.* There then, have among you.

[*Throws the Letter upon the Table.*

*Lord Rac.* [*Reads, all looking on.*] Hum — “ If the  
“ liking your Person be a Sin, what Woman is not  
“ guilty?---hum, hum---at the End of the *Bird-cage*  
“ *Walk*---about Seven---where the Darkness and Pri-  
“ vacy will befriend my Blushes; I will convince you,  
“ what trust I have in your Secrecy and Honour---Yours,  
“ *INCOGNITA.*”

*Daf.* Will you go?

*Lord Rac.* What do you propose?

*Daf.* To go---If after I have been with her half an Hour, you'll come upon us---and have a Blow up.

*Sir Wil.* There's a Gallant for you!

*Daf.* Prithee, *Sir William*, be quiet---must a Man be in Love with every Woman that invites him!

*Sir Wil.* No; but he should be honourable to 'em, *George*---and rather conceal a Woman's Weakness, than expose it---I hate this Work---so, I'll go to the Coffee-house. [*Exit Sir William.*

*Lord Rac.* Let him go---don't mind him, *George*; he's married, and past fifty ---- this will be a fine Frolic --- Devilish high \_\_\_\_\_

*Daf.* Very! — Well, I'll go and prepare myself---put on my Surtout, and take my Chair to *Buckingham-Gate*—I know the very Spot.

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Lord Rac. We'll come with Flambeaux—you must be surpriz'd, and—

Daf. I know what to do—Here, Waiter, Waiter ;

*Enter Waiter.*

How does Cousin Dizzy ?

Wait. Quite recover'd, Sir ; — he is in the *Phœnix*, with two Ladies, and has order'd a boil'd Chicken and Jellies.

Lord Rac. There's a Blood for you ! — without a Drop in his Veins.

Daf. Do you stay with him, then, 'till I have secur'd my Lady ; and in Half an Hour from this Time come away, and bring Dizzy with you.

Lord Rac. If he'll leave the Ladies — Don't the *Italian* Marquis dine with us To-morrow ?

Daf. Certainly.

Lord Rac. Well, do you mind your Business — and I'll speak to the Cook to shew his Genius --- Allons !

*[Exit Daffodil.]*

Lord Rac. Tom, bid the Cook attend me To-morrow Morning, on special Affairs——

*[Exit Lord Racket, &c.]*

2d Wait. I shall, my Lord.

1st Wait. I'll lay you, Tom, Five Six-pences to Three, that my Lord wins his Bett with his Honour Daffodil.

2d Wait. Done with you, Harry—I'll take your Half Crown to Eighteen-pence—

*[Bell rings within.]*

1st Wait. Coming, Sir ;—I'll make it Shillings, Tom.

2d Wait. No, Harry, you've the best on't. *[Bell rings.]* Coming, Sir. I'll take Five Shillings to Two.

*[Bell rings.]* Coming, Sir. ——

1st Wait. Coming, Sir.——No, Five to Three.

2d Wait. Shillings ? — Coming, Sir.

1st Wait. No—Sixpences ——

2d Wait. Done—Sixpences. *[Bell rings.]* Here, Sir.

1st Wait. And done. *[Bell rings.]* Coming, Sir.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter*



*Enter Arabella, Mrs. Damply, Lady Fan. Pewit, Mrs. Dotterel, Tukely in Womens Cloaths, and Sophia in Mens.*

Ladies *All.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Arab.* What a Figure! And what a Scheme.

*Tuk.* Dear Ladies, be as merry with my Figure as you please—Yet you shall see, this Figure, awkward as it is, shall be preferr'd in its Turn, as well as you have been.

*Soph.* Why will you give yourself this unnecessary Trouble, Mr. *Tukely*, to convince these Ladies, who had rather still be deluded, and will hate your Friendship for breaking the Charm?

*Arab.* My dear Cousin, tho' you are satisfied, these Ladies are not; and if they have their particular Reasons for their Infidelity; pray, let 'em enjoy it, 'till they have other Proofs than your Prejudices.

*Soph.* Ay, *Bell*, we have all our Prejudices.

*Tuk.* What signifies reasoning, when we are going upon the Experiment? Dispose of yourselves behind those Trees, and I will repair to the Place of Appointment, and draw him hither; but you promise to contain yourselves, let what will happen. Hear, and see; but be silent. —————

[*Exit Tukely.*

*Soph.* A severe Injunction, indeed, Ladies—But I must to my Post.

[*Exit Sophia.*

*Widow Damp.* If he's a Villain, I can never hold!

*Lady Pew.* I shall tear his Eyes out.

*Mrs. Dot.* For my Part, if I was unmarried, I should not think him worth my Anger.

*Arab.* But as you are, Madam—

*Mrs. Dot.* I understand your Insinuations, Miss *Bell*; but my Character and Conduct need no Justification.

*Arab.* I beg Pardon, Madam; I intended no Offence.—But haste to your Posts, Ladies; the Enemy's at Hand.

[*They retire behind the Trees.*

C 3

*Enter*

*Enter Tukely and Daffodil.*

*Tuk.* [*In a Woman's Voice.*] For Heaven's Sake, let us be cautious — I am sure I heard a Noise.

*Daf.* 'Twas nothing but your Fear, my Angel! — don't be alarm'd — There can be no Danger, while we have Love and Darknefs to befriend us.

*Tuk.* Bless me, how my Heart beats!

*Daf.* Poor Soul! what a Fright it is in! — You must not give Way to these Alarms — Were you as well convinc'd of my Honour, as I am of your Charms, you wou'd have nothing to fear — [*Squeezes her Hand.*]

*Arab.* Upon my Word! —

[*Aside.*]

*Widow Damp.* So, so, so.

[*Aside.*]

*Tuk.* Hold, Sir, you must take no Liberties — But, if you have the least Feeling for an unhappy Woman, urg'd by her Passion to this imprudent Step, assist me — forgive me — let me go.

*Daf.* Can you doubt my Honour? Can you doubt my Love? What Assurances can I give you to abate your Fears?

*Mrs. Dot.* Very slender Ones, I can assure her.

[*Aside.*]

*Tuk.* I deserve to suffer all I feel — For what, but the most blinded Passion, cou'd induce me to declare myself to one, whose Amours and Infidelities are the common Topic of Conversation.

*Daf.* Flattering Creature! [*Aside.*] — May I never know your dear Name, see your charming Face, touch your soft Hand, or hear your sweet Voice, if I am not more sincere in my Affection for this little Finger, than for all the Sex besides.

[*The Ladies seem astonish'd.*]

*Tuk.* Except the Widow Damply —

*Daf.* She! — Do you know her, Madam;

*Tuk.* I have not that Honour —

*Daf.* I thought so — Did you never see her, Madam, nodding and gogling in her Old-fashion'd heavy Chariot, drawn by a pair of lean hackney Horses, with a fat  
i. ackamoor

*The* MALE-COQUETTE. 31

Blackamoor Footman behind, in a scanty Livery, Red greasy Stockings, and a dirty Turban?

[*The Widow seems disordered.*]

*Tuk.* All which may be only a Foil to her Beauty.

[*Sighs.*]

*Daf.* Beauty! Don't sigh, Madam; she is past Forty, wears a Wig, and has lost two of her fore Teeth.—  
And then, she has so long a Beard upon her upper Lip, and takes so much *Spanish* Snuff, that she looks, for all the World, like the *Great Mogul* in Petticoats; ha, ha,—  
Widow *Damp.* What Falseness and Ingratitude!

[*Aside.*]

*Tuk.* Cou'd I descend to the Slander of the Town, there is a married Lady —

*Daf.* Poor Mrs. *Dotterel*, you mean —

Mrs. *Dot.* Why am I to be mentioned! — I have nothing to do —

Widow *Damp.* Nay, nay; you must have your Share of the Panegyrick.

*Tuk.* She is young, and has Wit.

*Daf.* She's an Ideot, Madam; and as Fools are generally loving, she has forgot all her Obligations to old Mr. *Dotterel*, who married her without a Petticoat; and now seizes upon every young Fellow she can lay her Hands upon; she has spoil'd me three Suits of Cloaths, with tearing the Flaps and Sleeves. — Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. *Dot.* Monster of Iniquity! —

*Daf.* She has even storm'd me in my own House; but with all my Faults, Madam, you'll never find me over-fond of Age, or Ignorance.

Widow *Damp.* I cou'd tear him to Pieces —

*Arab.* Be quiet—and we'll all tear him to Pieces.

*Tuk.* He has swallow'd the Hook, and can't escape.

[*Aside.*]

*Daf.* What do you say, Madam?

*Tuk.* I am only sighing, Sir.

*Daf.* Fond Creature! [*Aside.*] I know there are a thousand Stories about me: You have heard too of Lady *Fanny Pewit*, I suppose? Don't be alarm'd.

*Tuk.*

*Tuk.* I can't help it, Sir. She is a fine Woman, and a Woman of Quality.

*Daf.* A fine Woman, perhaps, for a Woman of Quality---but she is an absolute old Maid, Madam, almost as thick as she is long---middle-aged, homely and wanton! That's her Character.

*Lady Perw.* Then there is no Sincerity in Man.

[Going,

*Arab.* Positively, you shan't stir.

*Daf.* Upon my Soul, I pity the poor Creature!----- She is now upon her last Legs.---If she does not run away with some foolish Gentleman this Winter---She'll return into the Country, and marry her Footman.--- Ha, ha, ha.

*Lady Perw.* My Footman shall break his Bones, I can tell him that.

*Daf.* Hush, Madam! I protest, I thought I heard a Voice---I wonder they don't come. [Aside.

*Tuk.* 'Twas only I, Mr. *Daffodil*---I was murmuring to you. [Sighs.

*Daf.* Pretty Murmurer!---Egad, if they don't come soon, the Lady will grow fond. [Aside.

*Tuk.* But among your Conquests, Mr. *Daffodil*, you forget Miss *Sophy Sprightly*.

*Daf.* And her Cousin *Arabella*---I was coming to 'em; poor, silly, good-natur'd, loving Fools;---I made my Addresses to one thro' Pique, and the other for Pity---That was all.

*Tuk.* O, that I could believe you.

*Daf.* Don't be uneasy, I'll tell you how it was, Madam---You must know, there is a silly, self-sufficient Fellow, one *Tukely*-----

*Tuk.* So, so, [Aside.] I know him a little.

*Daf.* I am sorry for it---The less you know of him the better; the Fellow pretended to look fierce at me, for which I resolv'd to have his Mistress: So I threw in my Line, and without much Trouble, hook'd her. Her poor Cousin too, nibbled at the Bait, and was caught.

----- So I have had my Revenge upon *Tukely*, and now I shall willingly resign poor *Sophy*, and throw him in her Cousin, for a Make-Weight.---Ha, ha, ha!

Lady



*The* MALE-COCQUETTE. 33

*Lady Perw.* This is some Comfort at least.

*Arab.* Your Ladyship is better than you was.

[*Noise without.*]

*Tuk.* I vow I hear a Noise.—What shall we do? It comes this Way.

*Daf.* They can't see us, my Dear.——I wish my Friends would come. [*Aside.*] Don't whisper or breathe.

*Enter Sophia, in a Surtout, and flouch'd Hat.*

*Soph.* If I cou'd but catch her at her Pranks——she certainly must be this Way——for the Chair is waiting at the End of *Rosamond's Pond*——I have thrown one of her Chairmen into it——and if I cou'd but catch her——

*Tuk.* O, Sir! My Passion has undone me—I am discover'd; it is my Husband, Sir *George*, and he is looking for me——

*Daf.* The Devil it is! Why then, Madam, the best Way will be for you to go to him—and let me sneak off the other Way.

*Tuk.* Go to him, Sir! What can I say to him?

*Daf.* Any Thing, Madam — say you had the Vapours, and wanted Air.

*Tuk.* Lord, Sir!—he is the most passionate of Mortals; and I am afraid is in Liquor too—and then he is mad.

*Soph.* If I cou'd but catch her—— [*Looking about.*]

*Daf.* For your Sake, Madam, I'll make the best of my Way Home—— [*Going.*]

*Tuk.* What! wou'd you leave me to the Fury of an enrag'd Husband!—Is that your Affection.

[*Holds him.*]

*Soph.* If I cou'd but catch her—Ha! what's that? I saw something move in the Dark——the Point of my Sword shall tickle it out, whatever it is.

[*Draws, and goes towards 'em.*]

*Tuk.* For Heaven's Sake draw, and fight him, while I make my Escape.

*Daf.* Fight him!——'twou'd be cowardly to fight  
in

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in the Dark, and with a drunken Man—I'll call the Sentry.

*Tuk.* And expose us to the World?

*Daf.* I wou'd to Heav'n we were [*Aside.*] — *He comes forward.*] Let me go, Madam you pinch me to the Bone.

*Tuk.* He won't know us—I have my Masque on.

*Ladies.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Soph.* What, is the Devil and his Imps playing at Blindman's Buff? — Ay, ay, here he is, indeed — Satan himself, dress'd like a fine Gentleman—Come, Mr. Devil, out with your Pitch-fork, and let us take a Thrust or two.

*Daf.* You mistake me, Sir, I am not the Person — indeed, I am not — I know nothing of your Wife, Sir *George*—and if you knew how little I care for the whole Sex, you wou'd not be so furious with an innocent Man.

*Soph.* Who are you then?—And what are you doing with that Blackamoor Lady there — dancing a Saraband with a Pair of Castanets? Speak, Sir!

*Daf.* Pray forbear, Sir; here's Company coming that will satisfy you in every Thing—Hallo, hallo—Here, here, here; [*Hallo's faintly*] my Lord, my Lord — *Spinner, Dizzy,*—Hallo!

*Enter Lord Racket, Sir Tan-Tivy, Spinner, and Dizzy, with Torches.*

*Lord Rac.* What's the Matter here?—Who calls for Help?

*Daf.* [*Running to 'em with his Sword drawn*] O, my Friends, I have been wishing for you this half Hour. I have been set upon by a dozen Fellows — They have all made their Escape, but this — My Arm is quite dead — I have been at Cart and Tierce with 'em all, for near a Quarter of an Hour.

*Soph.* In Buckram, my Lord!—He was got with my Property here, and I wou'd have chastis'd him for it, if your Coming had not prevented it.

*Daf.* Let us throw the Rascal into *Rosamond's Pond.*

Lord

The MALE-COQUETTE. 35

Lord Rac. Come Sir, can you swim?

[*All going up. Tukely snatches Sophia's Sword, and she runs behind him.*]

Tuk. I'll defend you, my Dear——What, wou'd you murder a Man, and lie with his Wife too?——  
Oh! you are a wicked Gentleman, Mr. Daffodil.

[*Attacks Daf.*]

Daf. Why, the Devil's in the Woman, I think.

[*All the Ladies advance from behind.*]

Ladies. Ha, ha, ha! your humble Servant, Mr. Daffodil——Ha, ha, ha.

[*Courtsing.*]

Daf. This is all Enchantment!

Lady Perw. No, Sir, the Enchantment is broke——and the old Maid, Sir, homely and wanton, before she retires into the Country, has the Satisfaction of knowing that the agreeable Mr. Daffodil is a much more contemptible Mortal, than the Footman which his Goodness has been pleas'd to marry her to.

Ladies. Ha, ha, ha.

Widow Damp. Wou'd Mr. Daffodil please to have a Pinch of *Spanish* Snuff, out of the *Great Mogul's* Box? 'Tis the best Thing in the World for low Spirits.

[*Offers her Box.*]

Ladies. Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Dot. If a Fool may not be permitted to speak, Mr. Daffodil, let her at least be permitted to laugh at so fine a Gentleman——Ha, ha, ha.

Arab. Were you as sensible of Shame, as you are of Fear, the Sight of me, whom you lov'd for Pity, wou'd be Revenge sufficient——But I can forgive your Baseness to me, much easier than I can myself, for my Behaviour to this happy Couple.

Daf. Who the Devil are they?

Arab. The Marquis and Marchioness of *Macaroni*, Ladies——Ha, ha.

Soph. Ha! Mio Carissimo Amico, il Signior Daffodillo!

Daf. How! *Tukely* and *Sophia*!—If I don't wake soon, I shall wish never to wake again.

Soph. Who bids fairest now for *Rosamond's Pond*?

Lord

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Lord Rac. What, in the Name of Wonder, is all this Business? I don't understand it.

Diz. Nor I neither; but 'tis very drole, faith.

Tuk. The Myſtery will clear in a Moment.

Daf. Don't give yourſelf any Trouble, Mr. Tukely, Things are pretty clear as they are — The Night's cool, and my Couſin Dizzy, here, is an Invalid—If you pleaſe, another Time, when there is leſs Company, [*Ladies laugh*] — The Ladies are pleas'd to be merry, and you are pleas'd to be a little angry; and ſo, for the Sake of Tranquillity—I'll go to the Opera.

[*Daffodil ſneaking out by Degrees.*]

Lord Rac. This is a fine blow-up, indeed! Ladies, your humble Servant—Hallo! *Daffodil.*

[*Exit Lord Racket.*]

Diz. I'll lay you a Hundred, that my Couſin never intrigues again—George! George! Don't run—hugh, hugh—

[*Exit Dizzy.*]

Tuk. As my Satisfaction is compleat, I have none to aſk of Mr. *Daffodil.* I forgive his Behaviour to me, as it has haſten'd and confirm'd my Happineſs here; [*to Sophia.*] --- But as Friend to you, Ladies, I ſhall inſiſt upon his making you ample Satisfaction --- However, this Benefit will ariſe, that you will hereafter equally deteſt and ſhun theſe Deſtroyers of your Reputation---

*In You Coquettry is a Loſs of Fame;  
But in Our Sex, 'tis that deteſted Name,  
That marks the Want of Manhood, Virtue, Senſe,  
and Shame.* }

F I N I S.





